Lillie Pozer
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The Monasteries of the Air.

('Sunday Hours.')

A hundred miles westward from Volo — a name that has become so painfully familiar since the recent war between Turkey and

THE MONASTERY OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

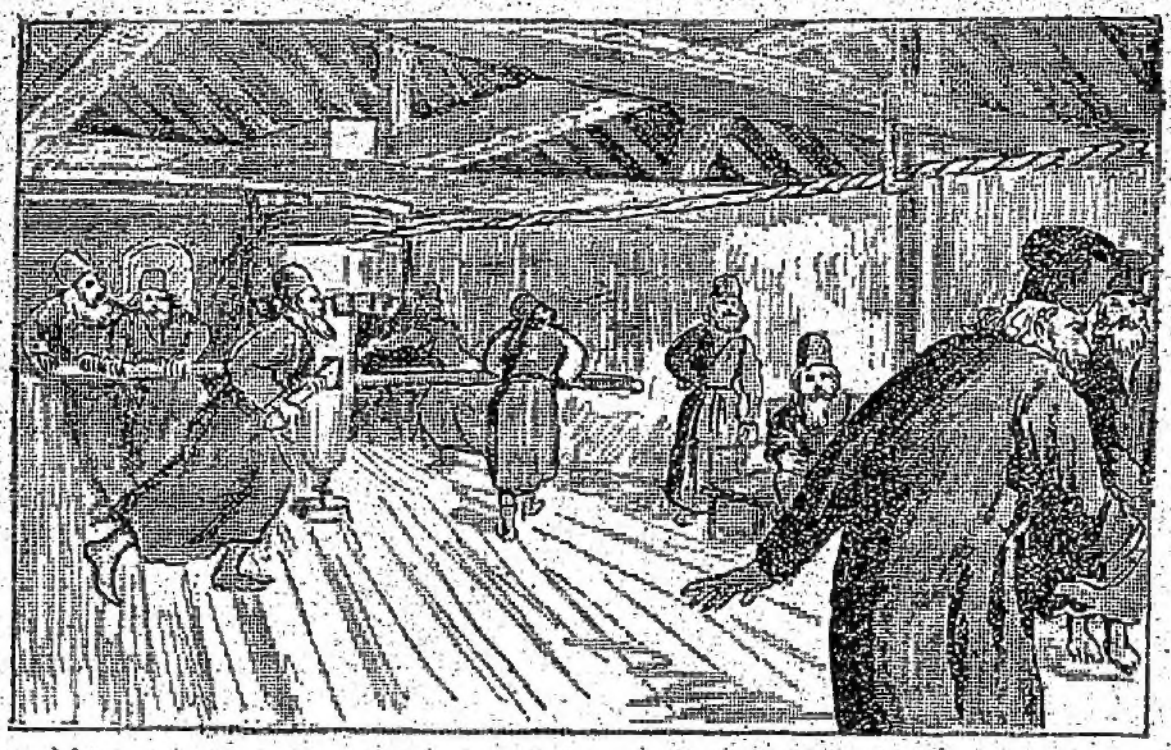
Greece — are the famous monasteries of Meteora, or Monasteries of the Air.

From the town of Kalambaka the cliffs rise sheer behind it, and to the right of it, to a height of over one thousand five hundred feet. On the summit of some of these rocks stand two of the monasteries—the 'Hagia Trias,' or Holy Trinity, and the

THE MONASTERIES OF THE GREAT METEORA.

'Hagia Stephanos,' or Saint Stephen. These monasteries are occupied by monks of the Greek Church.

But the most remarkable are the Monasteries of the Great Meteora. They can only be reached by getting into a net at the end of a rope, and then letting yourself be hauled up a height of several hundred feet to the summit of the crag.



MONKS WORKING THE CAPSTAN.

Mr. G. N. Curzon, the present Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, thus described, in the 'English Illustrated Magazine,' (1891), a visit which he paid to these monasteries:

'A lovely walk of an hour and a half through a glade of mountain oaks, past the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, on its separate crag, and other abandoned eyries on lower peaks brought us to the great mass of rock, one thousand eight hundred and twenty feet high, which is crowned by the buildings of the Great Meteora. Above us was a sheer scarp of rock one hundred feet high; and upon this was reared a tower of about the same height culminating in a wooden shed, from which it was evident that the rope and net were worked. No signs, however, of these implements were forthcoming, and the holy fathers appeared to be indifferent to our approach. We shouted and fired guns to no purpose; and it was not till after some minutes that a venerable face was protruded from the aerial loft and communications were interchanged. But not even then did the ascent become at once feasible; for, as there were only two monks in the monastery, assistance was needed at the capstan to haul us up. Accordingly a series of rude ladders attached together like the links of a chain, and whose lower end had hitherto been hitched up by a rope from aloft, were let down so that they fitted on to the top of another ladder reared against the rock from the ground.

The upper ladders led to a small doorway in the rock, from which an alternative entrance to the monastery was provided by a staircase inside. When the ladders are hitched up, and the rope is coiled round the capstan, the monastery is absolutely inaccessible, and its inmates can bid defiance to any foe but cannon. The ladders furnish a most unpleasant mode of ascent, as they are only loosely strung together, and flap against the perpendicular cliff with each movement of the climber. However, three of our escort with some gallantry swarmed up and disappeared in the hole in the rock. Presently a big iron hook with something

ABOVE US WAS A SHEER SCARP OF ROCK.

hanging to it was seen to descend from the pully in the shed. When we reached the ground we saw that the something was a rude cord net in which we were to ascend. This is spread out on the ground, a blanket is stretched upon it, the visitor takes his seat on the blanket, with his legs curled up to his chin; the outer meshes of the net are caught up over his head, and strung upon the iron hook, a shout is raised, and like a trussed quail he suddenly finds himself contracted into a ball, and being drawn up into the air, spinning slowly round and sometimes softly colliding against the rock. When he gets to the top—the ascent lasting

RECEIVING A VISITOR.

from one and a quarter to one and three-quarter minutes—he is laid hold of by two brawny monks, hauled into the shed, and unrolled upon the floor. Down go the hook and net, and up comes the next visitor.

'The sensation is not a disagreeable one, and the rope is so sound and strong as to disarm any fear of accident; but when it has completely filled the capstan, and begins to form another rool, there is a nasty kink that brings your heart into your mouth as the jar reaches you in the net. When we reach the top we see that the rope passes over a pulley and is wound round a windlass, or wooden drum, which is made to revolve by four long capstan bars, with one or two men pushing at each.'

A Story of a Kindergarten.

(By Lillie A. Tears.)

In the fall of 1895 one of the first free kindergartens in Newark was opened on Baldwin street. This step was made possible by the earnest efforts of a few women, who, realizing the need of just such work in this especial neighborhood, solicited enough money to make a beginning. The use of a room in an old chapel was given to them, and a very limited supply of materials and furnishings for the room was bought at first. A kindergartner was secured and a list of the neighborhood families given her so that she might ascertain how many children of the kindergarten age were immediately available.

The kindergarten opened on Sept. 16th. The most of the children were brought in from the street, and a dirtier set of children surely never were seen. After looking at each little hand the question was asked. How do you think those hands would look all white and clean? Immediately every hand was raised to the mouth, the tongue came out, and something might have happened had it not been prevented. Said one: 'I know; come on.' Away he went, the others following. The kindergartner was left alone, scarcely hoping to see them again. But soon all were back with clean faces and hands, and such smiling faces, too. On being asked as to where they had been, 'To a watering trough,' was the reply. Surely it must have been a picture for an artist.

The real work of the kindergarten began on Sept. 23, with twenty children, and the number increased rapidly until there were thirty-eight. Then came the painful task of refusing to admit others. The mothers came to believe that the kindergarten was a good place for the children, and pleaded earnestly to have their little ones taken. 'Just let my child come. I will bring a chair and table for him, if you will only take him in.' Some mothers came saying: 'We cannot make our children mind us. We haven't time to bring them up in the right way. We know what is right, but we cannot do it. In the kindergarten the children get good, get polite.' So these poor mothers, whose lives had been so warped and narrowed by the constant cares of poverty, brought to us their children, in the trust that we would make of them something better than they were. Often the kindergartner's heart fainted when she put over against the few hours of kindergarten training the whole of the outside and home influences; but she left her work with God, knowing that he alone could take care of the results.

The ladies soon made the room very attractive, and the mothers became very proud of the new room, where their children spent such happy hours. Unconsciously these mothers would drop encouraging words. 'My little one has been improved so much since she has been attending kindergarten; she is so different at home; she has good manners.' It would be difficult to tell how highly these people appreciate good manners; and yet, how little they realize that a child acquires his manners, as he does his vocabulary, from those about him. As the kindergartner wanted the parents to help her, she visited the homes almost daily, and when the grateful mothers would speak of the good the children were receiving, she would drop a hint of how much more could be done if only the father and mother would assist.

While calling at a home the kindergartener was pleased to hear a father say: 'I am so glad because you are teaching our little ones to say Our Father. It makes me think of the times when I was so different. It is a long time since I heard it.' He was urged to kneel with the children each day and repeat that prayer with them. For many days afterwards the children came to the kindergarten so pleased to tell us that 'they always said Our Father now, and papa and mamma did too.'

One of the hardest things to contend against is the habit of using bad language; and it is especially hard when some boy boastingly affirms, 'My father swears,' as if that father was the one man whose example was worth following. After much kindly talking, the kindergartner impressed upon the children a hatred of unclean words, and hoped that her little men and women would try and not use them. One little boy came to her, saying, 'I did what you said yesterday. Why, when the bad word came, I put my hand over my mouth quick and pushed it back, so it didn't come, but pretty near, though.' A boy used an unclean word while playing in the yard. Nothing was said to him; but all through the succeeding session there was an anxious, troubled look upon the lad's face. And, when just before the goodby, while holding the child's hand, the kindergartner said, 'I am sorry, Charlie,' the reply came quickly, 'Oh, please, ma'am, I'll never say it again. I'm so sorry.' We never exact promises from the children in the kindergarten, but urge them to try and overcome bad habits. These young lives are so full of hard realities. And it is a real joy to the kindergartner to try and bring all the brightness possible into them.

Pictures are used a great deal in the kindergarten. As each picture is shown a story is told with a carefully thought out moral. For example, the picture of a boy, named Teddy, was held up before the class, and the teacher, after gaining the attention of each pupil, impressed, among other things, the fact that, 'Teddy always washes his ears,' (a lesson very much needed), and enlarged upon the advantages of having clean ears to hear with. Afterwards, when playtime came, there were unusual sounds of splashing water, and upon investigation it was found that several of the children were endeavoring to wash their ears.

Unaccustomed as they were to such ablutions, most of the water was sent trickling up the little sleeves, or was soused over the neck and shoulders, so that each little ablutionist had to be set in the sun to dry. For many days thereafter the children would point to the picture and say, 'There is Teddy, who always washes his ears; I washed mine this morning.' In this way, lessons of cleanliness, order and neatness are taught with wonderful effect.

The children are very fond of singing, and will often burst into song while working. Especially do they like:

'Little gifts are precious, if a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers as they do their part.'

The spirit of giving is one of the first and important lessons. If we would make children happy we must do for them rather than merely give to them. We must give ourselves with our gifts and thus imitate and illustrate, in a degree, the love of him who gave himself to us, who is touched with our enjoyments as well as our needs.

The games are a most important means for teaching lessons of kindness, truthfulness, justice, loyalty, and many other virtues that help to develop true men and women. Especially do they teach and put in practice the 'Golden Rule.' In many of the homes the songs and games played and sung by the little ones, who are in the habit of attending kindergarten, are the only brightness there. One day while the kindergartner was calling at one of these homes, she heard a voice singing, 'Jesus bids us shine like the sunshine.' The words were a little mixed, but the sentiment was there. The song seemed to be all the brightness there was in that dark ally.

The stories told in the kindergarten are to teach the little folks to admire virtue and justice, and of how a child can be noble in the midst of sin. Nothing is nobler than high-mindedness, gentleness and goodness. We tell them stories of noble men, and most of all do we love to tell of the Christ child who came on earth to bless. And to-day the whole glad earth praises God for that child's birth.

The Mothers' Meetings were also well attended, and a Sunday class was formed and carried on successfully. It would be impossible to tell all that was accomplished, there were such encouraging results. The year closed all too soon. One of the privileges of the kindergartner was to minister to the sick, to distribute to the needy food and clothing, which were generously supplied by the earnest-hearted women who supported the work.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Ex-Seventh.

'And so you and Sam Rawles both tried for that place in Firth's office?' said the master of Riverton school to one of his ex-seventh standard boys.

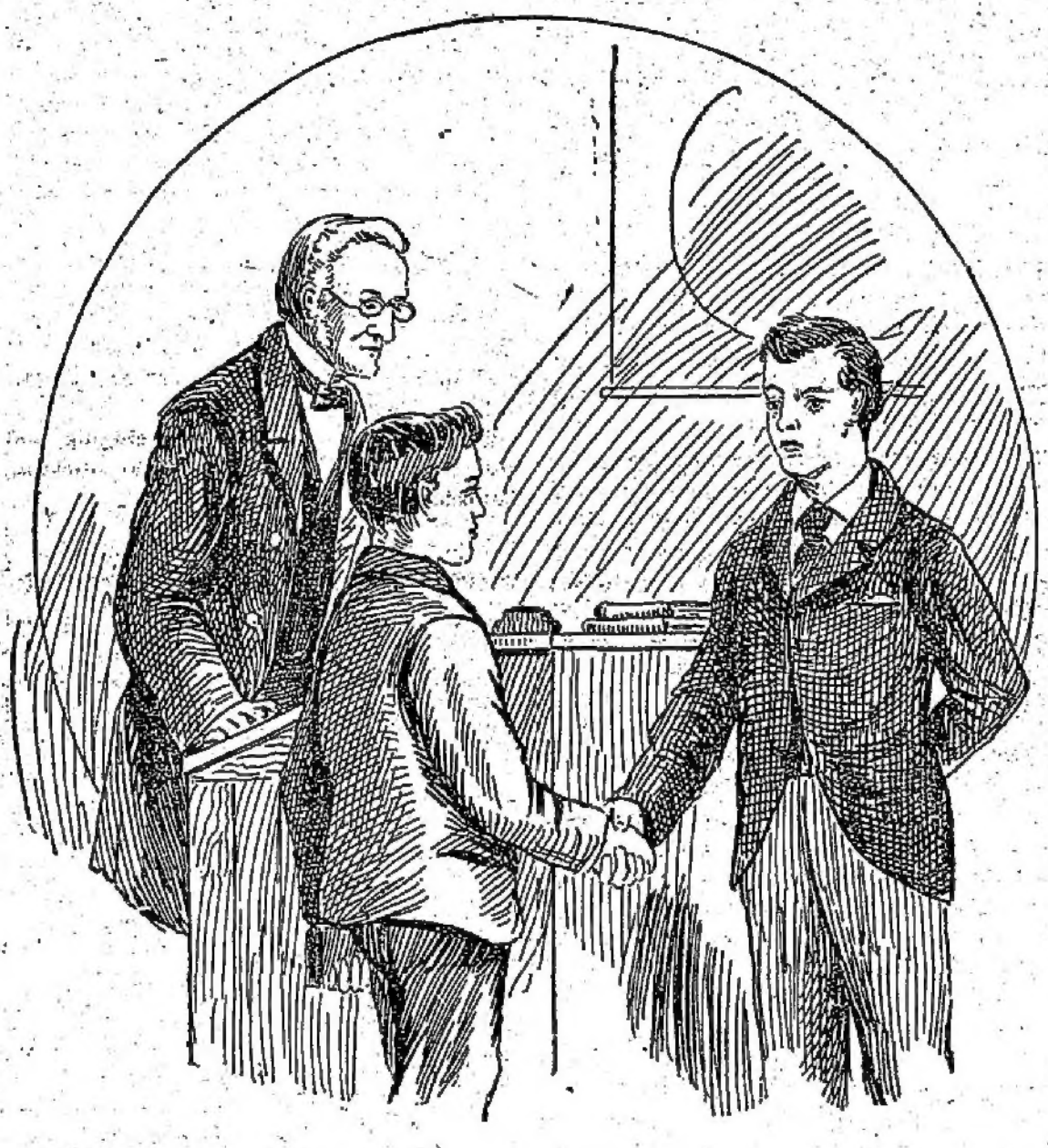
'Yes, sir,' stammered Jim Bennett, and a red flush leapt into his cheeks.

'And Rawles cut you out—eh, Bennett?'

'Please, sir,' said Jim, flashing a brief glance into the master's face, and dropping his eyes again, 'it was all because of dad's being in prison that I lost it. And I did so want a place.'

The boy's chest heaved under his shabby waistcoat, and Mr. Warwick looked away for a moment, then turned and grasped him kindly by the shoulder and asked:

'Is it true that Rawles taunted you with your father the day after he got the place?'



Jim nodded and hung his head.

'What made him do it?' It isn't like Sam to be mean.'

'Please, sir,' explained Jim, 'I caught his ball, and lost his side the game, and that made him mad. He jeered me, but not much. And a lot of other boys laughed, like as if they didn't want to have me among them.'

'Look up, Bennett,' returned the master, abruptly, 'I want to see your face.'

Jim obeyed instantly. There was no shirking Mr. Warwick's keen eyes.

'Bear your lot bravely, Bennett, and be as good a lad as ever you can, and the very next place that turns up shall be yours, if my influence can secure it for you.'

Jim went home a great deal happier than he had been for a week. The master, at least, believed in him, and that was enough to comfort a boy.

Mr. Warwick was as wise as he was kind. He had no intention of 'pitching into' Rawles, and getting Jim dubbed a tell-tale. He laid his plans more cunningly.

The reading-lessons that week were out of the common. One day it was the story of Androcles and the lion; another, a series of anecdotes recording the kindness which even the despised rat will show to a brother rat who is blind, or lame, or unfortunate. The scripture lessons, too, were chosen with especial care, and the master waited his time.

It was Friday, Sam's last day at school. He had been at the head of the ex-seventh for two years, and all were sorry to lose him.

When at the end of the morning's lessons, he raised his hand and the master asked, 'Well, Rawles?' every ear in the school was attentive.

'Please, sir?' said Sam, 'may I speak to Jim Bennett?'

Jim, who was putting away a box of pen-holders, let them fall to the floor with a great clatter.

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Warwick, courteously. 'Never mind the pens, Bennett, come to my desk and speak to Rawles.'

Sam came forward with great strides. He was well-dressed and handsome, and a head taller than Bennett.

'I beg your pardon, Jim,' he said, in a voice loud enough for all the school to hear. 'You know what for.'

He held out his hand, and poor Jim grasped it, and stammered that it was 'all right'.

'Boys,' said the master, looking round with a gleam of pride, 'I've had many happy times among you, but this beats them all. Go home, and remember to the end of your lives, that if you do what is mean or wrong there is only one manly way out of it. Rawles has shown you what that way is.'

A cheer broke out in the ex-seventh. Mr. Warwick raised his hand.

'One moment, boys. Bennett is leaving school as well as Rawles. He has got a good place in Merriman's stores. I gave him a character—do you give him a cheer. Now then! for Rawles and Bennett, our two head boys!' And he led them off himself.—'Adviser.'

Lost and Found.

(N. Y. 'Observer,')

That 'truth is stranger than fiction,' is often illustrated before our own eyes. The following story is sad, indeed, awakening our sympathy, but it is so clearly attended with divine consolation, that we are excited by it to wonderment and praise.

Forty years ago Mr. T. and his wife left their home in Yorkshire, England, to settle in the colony of Natal, South Africa. The long voyage, unsettled nature of the country, difficulties in building a house and other hardships, were cheerfully endured by the young colonists. Land was then obtained cheaply, so anxious was the government to settle the country. The young farmer soon purchased a large tract, stocked it with cattle, planted corn and vegetables, and set out fruit and shade trees. A few years of toil and close economy followed. They lived in a tiny shanty, till a more substantial brick house could be built. Their cultivated fields yielded a profitable return, and they felt that their adopted country was indeed a home. Impressed by the beauty of the surrounding country, Mr. T. had placed his house on an eminence, which commanded a magnificent view. From the wide verandah could be seen the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, on which ships sailing to and fro, from Madagascar and other ports, skirted near the coast, or brought merchandise and machinery from Europe to the rising young colony. Northward, fifty miles away, the Alp-like mountains of Zululand loomed up on a clear day. To the south coffee plantations and fields of waving sugar-cane could be distinguished. Attached to the dwelling was a fine garden of tropical and semi-tropical fruits. Bananas, pine-apples, mangoes, oranges, mandarines, lemons, limes, peaches, guavas and loquarts were abundant. Beautiful flowers of many varieties were cultivated. Like other colonial habitations far away from village or hotel, Mr. T.'s house was a frequent resort for travellers, who always met with a cordial welcome and hearty hospitality. Many an English botanist was entertained there, during his expeditions in search of rare plants and flowers.

Both Mr. and Mrs. T. were Wesleyan Methodists, and to use an expression common among those people, were 'soundly converted.' They did not, as is the case with some emigrants, leave their religion behind, when they bid farewell to their native land, but practised it, and recommended it in their daily life. European settlers in Natal were few and widely scattered, but Mr. T. having been a local preacher in England, continued the work in Africa, though it necessitated long rides and great self-sacrifice. He opened his house for religious observance, and improved every opportunity to advance the cause of Christ. Zulu heathen living in their kraals were gathered into classes and systematically taught, and the good man won from them the name of 'Unfundisi wetu o tandekayo' ('our beloved teacher.')

After five busy, happy and useful years in their African home, a little son came to gladden the hearts of these good people. They called him 'Johnnie,' and his sweet, winning ways endeared him to parents and friends alike. Although devotedly attached to this child, both father and mother talked of him as a 'gift from the Lord,' and said

earnestly and sincerely; 'May it be the will of God that this boy grow up to be a comfort to us and a blessing to the world, but if otherwise ordained, may we be strengthened to say, "Thy will be done."' Little did they realize what a trial of their faith was in store for them!

One bright sunny day the children of a neighbor came to pay 'Johnnie' a visit. He was not quite three years old, but was glad to have play-fellows of his own age and color, and the children went happily about the house and garden. Neither father nor mother kept a very close watch over the little ones, for no danger was apprehended. The natives were reliable, and no wild animals prowled about in the daytime. Near the close of the afternoon they wandered over the brow of a hill two or three hundred yards away, and were soon out of sight. It was an hour or more before Mr. T. went after them. His horror and grief were indescribable when he found little 'Johnnie' missing, and the other children too confused to tell of his whereabouts. Frantically searching for a while in various directions, but in vain, he went home to break the tidings to the mother; then, to send out parties of Zulus to examine every cave, ravine and jungle. With lanterns and torches they kept up the search all night, and the following day and night. Large prizes were offered, and the English magistrate of the native reservation rendered assistance, but no clue to little 'Johnnie' was found. His hat and one shoe were picked up in the tangled grass, and that was all. Hope died in the hearts of all save the parents. 'Shall we not see our precious child again?' was their pitiable cry. But in the midst of their sorrow they were enabled to look upward and say: 'Thy will be done.' The blow was sudden, but those Christian people felt that divine love was chastening them, that they would understand the reason by and by, though all, at the time, was dark and mysterious.

Various conjectures were entertained in regard to the child's disappearance. Some believed he was devoured by a wild animal, but that seemed hardly probable, as no part of his dress (except a hat and shoe) was found. Others, that a 'medicine doctor' had stolen him to mix his flesh with medicinal charms. The general opinion corroborated by statements of the Natal natives, was, that spies had been sent into the colony from Zululand, to seize a child, and take it back to their country, where it was sacrificed to the departed spirits, to make a contemplated raid on Natal successful.

Twenty sad years went by in Mr. T.'s quiet home. Other children came to be a comfort to the bereaved parents, but no day passed without a prayer going up from their heart that some tidings might come of their darling child.

Now for a bright side to this story. One evening, just as the family bible was laid aside, after prayer, and the children were saying, 'Good night,' there came a knock on the door, and a voice in broken English asking for a night's lodging.

The stranger was made welcome, his horse and native attendant cared for, and he was invited to partake of some refreshments. While he ate Mrs. T. looked more closely at him. Surely, the smooth, bright face and gray eyes were like some one she used to know. Hurrying to her room, with trembling hands she took out an old picture of Mr. T. which had been taken before they left England. Save the difference in dress, the figures and faces were nearly the same. Could this be her long lost 'Johnnie'? She called her husband and told him of her discovery. Together they went to the visitor and began to question him. His story as he gave it was as follows:

When a small boy he was taken by some natives to a German missionary living far away in the northern part of Zululand. The missionary was told that he was the son of a trader, who had died many miles away. Nothing on his clothing indicated his name or parentage, and the missionary, unable to speak English, could not learn from the child his history. Believing the story told him by the Zulus, the missionary and his wife had adopted him, and he had grown up as their son, speaking their language and only knowing as much of English as he had been able to gain from traders who had penetrated to their abode.

Feeling instinctively that in this way God had answered their prayers, Mr. and Mrs. T. fell on their knees, giving thanks and praise to their heavenly Father for this wonderful discovery. As they learned more of their son's history, and found that he was engaged in missionary work among the people where he lived, their gratitude became deeper, and they parted from him some weeks later, rejoicing that he was laboring for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.—J. Tyler.

A Little Brother.

Dennis Connor was only thirteen years old, and he had already been sent to the reformatory for thieving.

This is a very sad story told in a very few words. If you would know how it came to be true, you must imagine a home poorer than any which, I think, you have ever seen—a single, dark, ill-smelling room, near the top of a tall tenement house, hot in summer and cold in winter, and having in it a few bits of broken furniture, and a bed scarcely better than a heap of rags.

In this room there is a tiny motherless boy, almost a baby, with no one to take care of him all day long except a poor woman on the same floor; who 'looks in' at the rare times when she has nothing else to do.

As the evening comes on, the little fellow crouches near the door, listening—listening. At length heavy footsteps are heard along the passage. If the steps seem regular and firm the child hurries to open the door, but if they have an unsteady sound, he hides himself under the bed or in the depths of the coal closet. Even so, he cannot be sure of not being pulled out and beaten. For the one thing worse than having no mother is to have a drunken father.

Next you must fancy the boy grown old enough to play in the street below. He has many playmates, but they are not 'nice children.' Even the very little ones use dreadful words, which they cannot yet speak plainly. They have learned to tell lies and to take what does not belong to them. Sometimes a bad older boy gathers the children around him and teaches them things still worse.

Because the child is bright and clever he is all the quicker to learn the evil lessons. He has nobody to tell him about God. He has never seen the inside of a church or Sunday-school. He has never been regularly even to a day school, partly because he has no proper clothes, and partly because there is no one to send him.

When you have pictured all this to yourself it will have been only a part of the sorrowful picture of poor little Dennis. So you will hardly wonder that at ten years old he had begun to steal, and before he was twelve had been arrested and punished.

It was while he was at the reformatory that he first, however, found out what love and gentleness were like. He lay for a good while dangerously ill in the hospital ward. He had been out of his mind for many days, and the first thing which he began to notice, after he had come to himself, was the kind face of one of the nurses. He was too weak to lift his head, but he could follow her with his eyes as she moved from cot to cot, and long for the time when she would come to him and lay her soft, cool hand on his forehead.

When he had grown stronger the nurse talked with him and asked him many questions. Sometimes her face grew very sorrowful in his answers, but there was always so much love in it that he was not afraid to tell her all his heart. Then how eagerly he listened when she told him that God's dear Son came to this world to live poor and despised, doing good even to his enemies, and at last suffering and dying for the sins of the whole world.

'He couldn't 'a' been thinkin' of the likes of me?' said he.

'Yes, dear, of you—little Dennis Connor—just as much as of the richest man or the greatest king that ever lived.'

'You're sure o' that, ma'am?'

'Perfectly sure.'

'An' you say he minds what I'm about, an' takes it hard o' me doin' what he don't like?'

'My child, you can never do the least wrong thing, but he is more sorry than I can tell you, yet he never stops loving and caring for you. No matter what you have done, he is always waiting for you to ask him to forgive you and to help you to do better.'

'Seems as if I could be good—if he cares!' said Dennis.

'God help you!' said the nurse, and she kissed him. He could not remember that anyone had ever kissed him before.

When Dennis was sent back to his father he wore a decent suit of clothes, and his heart, under the clean, warm jacket, beat warm and hopefully.

'I'll jes' git me a regular job!' he said to himself. 'There's got to be places enough, if only a fellow can ketch on to 'em.'

One day he began to walk up and down the crowded streets in search of something to do. He had had only a crust of bread for his breakfast, for his father had not come home, and there was no other food in the cupboard.

It was cold, and the people jostled him, but he went on bravely, asking at place after place for work, only to be refused and sometimes roughly bidden to get out of the way. When he returned home at night he was very tired and hungry, and his father was still absent. Tim Molloy gave him a biscuit, or he would have gone to bed supperless.

Next day it was much the same, only that he was more hungry, and the savory smells that floated out from the bake shops drove him half-wild with longing. He was beginning to feel weak and discouraged when he saw a placard in a shop window, and managed to spell out the words, 'Boy wanted.'

'Where are your references?' asked the man at the desk, as Dennis made his request.

The boy hesitated.

'Can't you answer?' said the man, impatiently. 'Where have you been last?'

'I'll tell the truth!' thought Dennis, desperately, 'She told me to!'

The man listened a minute and broke into a laugh.

'Look here, Dick!' he called out. 'A good joke! Here's a young rascal just back from the Island, asking for a place, as cool as a cucumber!' Then to Dennis he said, 'March out, sir! When we hire boys we have them refer to somebody besides the police. Get along, I say!'

Dennis grew hot all over with angry shame, as he turned again into the street, where a cold sleet was falling, he still heard the mocking laughter within.

'She must have been mistakin'!' he muttered. 'There ain't anybody to care, after all! What's the use of tryin'?'

At that moment a gentleman alighted from a cab at the curbstone. He opened his pocket-book to pay the driver's fee, and, turning, put it absent-mindedly into the pocket of his great-coat.

Dennis stared.

'That's a fool thing to do!' he said to himself. 'A feller could crib that pocket-book as easy as nothin'!'

He slipped through the crowd, keeping close at the gentleman's back. He was horribly tempted. At length his hand crept stealthily forward, he was not quick enough. A strong hand grasped him by the collar.

'So you meant to rob me,' said a stern voice.

Dennis struggled fiercely.

'Lemme go!' he begged. 'Don't give me to the cops! Please lemme go!'

'Why should I let you go?'

'They'll send me back, an'—she'll get to know! Please, sir, please!' The voice was a broken wail.

The gentleman looked keenly into the boy's pale, despairing face, and his own softened.

'Are you hungry?' he asked.

'I ain't tasted a bite to-day, sir.'

'Come along, then! Don't be frightened.'

Keeping firm hold of his arm, the gentleman led Dennis to the door of a restaurant. Entering, he spoke to one of the waiters, who showed them to a little room by themselves, where stood a table spread with spotless linen and glittering with china and silver.

'Eat your supper, now,' said the gentleman, laying his hand kindly on Dennis' shoulder, 'and you shall tell me about yourself afterward.'

You would hardly expect a grown man to cry at seeing a boy eat, but it is certain that the gentleman wiped his eyes more than once before Dennis had finished that wonderful meal.

After they had sat a long time talking, and Dennis had told all—the bad as well as the good, keeping back nothing—the gentleman said:

'You may come to me at No. 600 C—— street to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. I want an office boy and I am going to give you the place.'

'When I tried to steal from you?'

'You won't steal again. I trust you.'

Dennis dropped his head on the table.

'She was right, after all!' he sobbed. 'There is somebody as cares!'

'Yes, my boy,' said the gentleman, tenderly, 'Somebody who never forgets! And because he is my older brother, and yours too, do you not see you are my own little brother?'—Mary A. P. Stansbury, in 'Sunday-school Advocate.'

'The Ever Present God.'

Dr. Paton, when on Tanna, having lost all his earthly goods, with savages all round seeking to take his life, was obliged to spend several hours one night in a tree for safety. Yet, says he, 'Never, in all my sorrows, did my Lord draw nearer to me and speak more soothingly to my soul. Had I been a stranger to Jesus and to prayer, my reason would verily have given way, but my comfort and joy sprang up out of these: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; lo, I am with you alway."' — Rev. John G.

Phil Hamilton's Free Lunch.

(By Martha Clark Rankin, in 'Christian Work.')

'Oh, mamma, quick, quick, come and see this new bird on my tree!'

Mrs. Hamilton jumped up in such a hurry that her scissors dropped to the floor, while her spool of cotton rolled across the floor and under the sofa. But that was of no consequence if there was a bird to be seen.

'Oh, what a little beauty!' she exclaimed, as she looked at a tiny bundle of feathers not more than four inches long. 'It must be a gold-crowned kinglet. Yes, see the stripes of yellow and black on his head. Isn't it wonderful that such a dainty little fellow can stay here in this cold weather when so many larger and stronger birds felt obliged to go south long ago! What do you suppose is the reason?'

'I don't know,' replied Phil, 'unless it's because he can find what he wants to eat and they can't.'

'It must be that, I think,' said his mother. 'See how he darts up and down the bare twigs and branches and seems to find food in every crevice of the bark. He is one of our best friends, for he keeps busy all winter destroying the eggs and grubs which would turn into worms and bugs as soon as the warm weather came, and so he saves our trees and plants from many dangerous enemies.'

'Well, I never thought before that such a little dot could do any good,' said Phil. 'Oh, dear! he's going away.'

'You'll find out a good many things you never thought of before; now that you have to sit still for the first time in your life,' said his mother fondly, as she looked at Phil's bandaged leg.

Phil had been so unfortunate as to break his leg, and that, too, in December. Could anything be more trying for an active boy? When Phil first heard the doctor say that it would be six weeks before the leg was strong again, and that he could scarcely move at all during the first three, he thought he would never live through it. His mother, too, wondered how she could ever find enough to interest such a lively boy. But the second day, as Phil lay back in the wheel chair, looking out of the window, a plan occurred to her.

'I have it, Phil,' she said. 'You know I've always wanted you to learn about birds, but you could never spare the time from your baseball, tennis, wheeling, skating and the fifty other things you've had on hand. Now you have plenty of time and it'll be just the thing for you.'

Phil looked dubious. 'But we don't have any birds in winter,' he objected.

'Wait and see,' replied his mother. 'I am pretty sure that I can show you two or three kinds this very day, if you will watch the hawthorn tree.'

This tree was in front of the library window, and as the house stood a little out of town, it was just the place for birds.

'Birds are hungry at this time of the year,' continued Mrs. Hamilton. 'Food is scarce and they have wondefully quick eyes for discovering what there is. Now I'm going to invite them to come and lunch with us.'

In a little while the old hawthorn tree looked queer enough with lumps of fat, bones and bunches of grain tied to its branches.

'Why, do birds eat meat?' asked Phil, 'and fat?'

He had hardly asked the question when he heard a merry 'chick-a-dee-dee,' and there were three little gray birds with black caps and neckties and the brightest eyes anybody ever saw.

'Oh, I forgot chickadees when I said there weren't any birds,' said Phil. 'I like them, they're so jolly and always ready to make friends. It seems as if they were introducing themselves when they fly up and say "chick-a-dee-dee-dee" so plainly. I wish all birds would tell their names as they do.'

'It would be a great convenience,' said his mother; 'but what do you think now about birds eating fat?'

'There's no doubt about one kind,' returned Phil, as the chick-a-dee pecked away at the hard suet. 'What a regular circus performer he is! See, he's hanging head down, now he's whirling around and turning back summersets, now he's holding on by one claw and eating as if there couldn't be a more comfortable way of dining. But what are those birds on the ground, and why don't they come up and eat the fat, too?'

'Those are juncos, or slate-colored snow birds, and they like to feed on the ground. See, they are picking up the grain and crumbs that I scattered.'

'My, what beauties they are!' exclaimed Phil, as a dozen of them flew up at a slight noise, spreading their tails like fans, and showing pure white outer tail feathers. 'They are all in gray, like Quakers, except for their vests, and what a jolly little twitter they have! But see the woodpecker!' and, sure enough, a downy woodpecker was pecking away at the trunk of the tree. With his scarlet head-piece, black and white back, and pure white under parts, Phil thought him very pretty. He paid no attention to the free lunch, but seemed to find all he wanted to eat by driving his chisel-like beak into the bark.

'Look on the pine tree, Phil,' called his mother. 'Your first afternoon is a lucky one, for here you have four varieties of birds at once.'

In the pine tree Phil saw a white-breasted nuthatch, which called 'yank, yank,' every once in a while. It was a funny black-headed gray bird, with white breast and short tail. Like the woodpecker, it was finding insects or their eggs under the bark, but Phil soon saw that the two birds acted quite differently.

'The woodpecker never goes head down,' said Phil, 'but the nuthatch goes down just as well as up. The woodpecker uses his tail to help climb, and the nuthatch can't because it's so short, and not the right shape, and his bill is much more slender.'

Mrs. Hamilton was delighted to see how interested Phil had become the first day, and how quick he was to notice differences in the birds. After this he spent many hours watching his bird-tree, and was always on the look-out for new varieties. He never tired of the jolly chick-a-dees and graceful juncos which were always on hand, but when a bird that he had never seen before flew into the tree, he called his mother in great excitement, just as he did when the kinglet appeared. She could tell him the bird's name, and something interesting about it. Then on Christmas morning he found among his presents a new book called 'Citizen Bird,' which was full of information and pretty pictures.

So well did the birds appreciate their 'free lunch,' as Phil called it, that before he was able to walk again he had seen nineteen varieties. The great blue jays, with their blue and white feathers and conspicuous crests, often flew into the yard, but when a flock of beautiful red cross-bills suddenly appeared, Phil almost jumped out of his chair with delight. It was funny to watch them push their crossed bills into a pine cone, and pick out the seeds, and Phil learned that every bird was built for its own special wants.

It was a surprise to see and hear a robin

early in January, and a dozen goldfinches with one song-sparrow a few days later, but his mother told him that some of these birds always stayed through the winter, though it was difficult to understand why they should. Crows, of course, were on hand every day; twice he saw a hawk, and once an owl, which stayed on the limb of a tree for several hours, as if asleep.

The tree sparrows, with their chestnut crowns, and one dark spot in the breast, reminded Phil of the little chippies of summer time, while the pine siskins seemed almost like sparrows too. The hairy woodpecker was almost exactly like the downy, except for its larger size; the pine grosbeaks made him think of parrots, and the cedar birds raised their crests as if they were eating cherries instead of picking a bone. The only bird that Phil didn't like to see was the shrike, or butcher bird, of whom the little birds were much afraid, and with good reason.'

'Perhaps it wasn't such a bad thing, after all, that I broke my leg,' said Phil, gaily, at the end of January. 'I've had time for lots of things that I never should have had any other way, and it seems to be as strong as ever now.'

'We can get good out of almost everything,' replied his mother, if we take our trials in the right spirit, as you certainly have this one,' and Phil went off very happy.

A Lasting Name.

When Ptolemy built Pharos, he would have his name upon it, but Sosistratus the architect did not think that the king, who only paid the money, should get all the credit while he had none, so he put the king's name in front in plaster, but underneath in the eternal granite, he cut deeply enough, 'Sosistratus.' By-and-by the plaster was all chipped off, and there stood the name, 'Sosistratus.' If all human names are chipped off the Church of Christ, the name of Christ shall stand.—'Biblical Treasury.'

The Lamp.

Hast thou a lamp, a little lamp,
Put in that hand of thine?
And did he say, who gave it thee:
"The world hath need this light should be;
Now, therefore, let it shine?'

And dost thou say, with bated breath:
'It is a little flame;
I'll let the lamps of broader wick
Seek out the lost and cheer the sick,
While I seek wealth and fame.'

But on the shore where thy small house
Stands dark, stands dark, this night,
Full many a wanderer, thither tossed,
Is driven on that rock and lost,
Where thou hast hid thy light.

Though but a candle thou didst have,
Its trimmed and glowing ray,
Is infinite. With God no light
Is great or small, but only bright,
As is his perfect day.

The world hath sorrow, nothing more,
To give or keep for thee.
Duty is that hidden flame,
And soaring joy; then rise, for shame
That thou so dark shouldst be.

Rise, trim thy lamp; the feeble past
Behind thee put and spurn,
With God it is not soon or late,
So that thy light, now flaming great,
Does ever fiercer burn.

Fierce with its love, and flaming great,
In its humility;
Shunning no soul in sinful need,
Fearing no path where he may lead,
Glowing consumingly.

Thou shalt not want for light enough,
When earthly moons grow dim;
The dawn is but begun for thee;
When thou shalt hand; so tremblingly,
Thy empty lamp to Him.
—'Independent.'

Which Way?

Dear boys and girls,—Midway on the left hand side is the picture of a goodly child. WHAT WILL THE BOY BECOME? From the child's face are drawn two diverging lines. On the upward line is a series of faces representing possible developments as follows—At school, at study, honorable success, honored age, with the marks of life's discipline, and an eye to penetrate the clouds of time. The downward line is a counterpart of the upward. There is the boy on the streets living on his wits, then in idleness and drunkenness, then the man in misery and want, then in beggary; behind him a wasted life, before him a pauper's grave, project these diverging lines into eternity, and you have an idea of what the boy will become.

Ninety-six percent of the 2,300 little ones, in whose behalf the Belfast branch of the

National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has called in the aid of the law, are the victims of intemperate parents. The wages earned by each family amounted, on an average, to one pound six shillings and tenpence, so that all the members might have been comfortably fed, clothed, and schooled.

It is not true that when Poverty comes in through the door Love flies out through the window. Many a father and mother deny themselves to keep their children in health and strength. Some time ago a man had to travel a long distance with his little daughter in order to reach a town where he was to find employment. Night overtook them far from any habitation, snow began to fall; so he decided that it was better to seek a place of shelter and wait for the morning. He sat down on the lee side of a tall fence, and clasped his little one to his bosom. After a while she uttered a word which went to his heart—'Daddie, I feel cold.' The father took off his coat, wrapped it round her, and took her in his arms again. As the post-boy passed next day his attention was attracted to this strange sleeping-place with the snow-drift for bed-clothes. The father was cold in death, but his child, whom he had loved more than himself, awoke warm and rosy at the touch of the stranger's hand upon her cheek.

When Drink comes in at the door Love flies out at the window.

Seven waifs enter Dr. Barnardo's Homes every twenty-four hours. Seventeen out of every twenty rescued in this way were brought to destitution by parents whom drink had deprived of affection. Their bleeding feet marked the way from the garret out of which they were driven to the railway arch or empty sugar cask where they slept, from the slums where God was unknown and decency was impossible, to the only door which ever gave them a welcome.

The children in the lowest streets are not the only, nor the greatest sufferers. There is often suffering of a keener kind on the part of children in the villa, the mansion, and the fashionable square. Drink is no respecter of persons. And then, to think that drink drags down out of the ranks of the Sunday-school forty-five thousand boys and girls every year!

Two hundred and forty years before our era began, Hamilcar took his son, a lad of nine years, to the shore of the sea. Pointing across the Mediterranean, he said, 'Rome is only three days' journey from Carthage. They are declaring in their Senate that "Carthage must be destroyed." One of two things will happen, — Rome will destroy Carthage, or Carthage will destroy Rome. I want you to lift up your hand and swear that whether your life be long or short, whether you die at home or abroad, you will live and die the enemy of Rome.' The boy swore. He became Hannibal. He crossed into Spain, scaled the Pyrenees, climbed the Alps, swept down into Italy, and at Cannae and Trasimene almost blotted the Fourth Monarchy from the map of the world. We want the boys and girls to be instructed in the principles of total abstinence, want them to understand the great moral issues at stake, what a determined and deadly foe we are fighting against; want them to take their stand in the great temperance army, unfurl the banner of triumph to the old battle-cry, 'Rise up, O Jehovah, and thine enemies shall be scattered, and they that hate thee shall flee before thee.'—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

Fearless of Punishment.

One day in January, 1561, the inhabitants of the Vaudois valleys of the Alps received an intimation from the Pope's representatives that, unless on the next day they went to mass, they would be punished without mercy. With the full knowledge of the fate before them, this was their resolve: — 'We here promise, our hands on the bible, and in the solemn presence of God, to maintain the bible whole and alone, though it be at the peril of our lives, in order that we may transmit it to our children pure as we received it from our fathers.'

Correspondence

We offer a prize for the best letter received before the first of July. We should like letters taking temperance as a subject. Tell about your Band of Hope, or describe a temperance meeting you have attended, or a temperance sermon you have heard. Tell what they are doing in your part of the country to arouse interest in the Plebiscite. Be sure to write clearly, on only one side of the paper, give your name and address plainly, and try to make your letter very interesting.

Holmesville.

Dear Editor,—My father takes the 'Witness,' and the 'Messenger,' and I like both very much. I am greatly interested in the correspondence part of the 'Messenger.'

I have three brothers, but no sisters, therefore I have to help my mother all I can.

We live on a farm bordering the River Maitland. This river is very deep and swift in the spring after the heavy rains, but in the summer time we can easily wade across it.

There are a great many wild flowers in our woods, and I and my little brothers often go and gather great bunches of them.

MINNIE E.
Age thirteen.

Pleasant Vale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother Stephen and I take the 'Messenger.'

We live on a farm in a very pretty little valley, and it well may be called 'Pleasant Vale.' I have a dog called Gypsy, and a cat called Pussy. I am called 'General' at school, but I will sign my name as,

MIDDLETON.
Twelve years old.

Clementsport, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have two horses and five cows and fifteen hens, and a pig. Our horses' names are Old Frank, a red horse, and Rex, a black one. I go to Sunday-school on Sunday, and like it very much. I am always glad when Saturday comes, so then I know I can get my dear little 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy the Boys' and Girls' Page very much. The 'Northern Messenger' is the only paper that comes in my name.

MARGARET.

Dear Editor, — On my last birthday my mother gave me one of your Bagster Bibles for a present. I think it was the nicest thing any little girl ever got.

We live in a very pleasant place. Every Saturday we go to the woods for flowers. I have a little garden of my own. I joined the church when I was a little over ten years old. My father is superintendent of the Sunday-school.

Some of my little school companions told me they were going to the beach some time this summer, and they asked me to go. I might write again and tell all about the fun we have, for I know we will have a pleasant time.

We live on the shore of Lake Ontario. In the summer time I go in bathing two or three times a week with my school chums. When the warm weather is over I am very sorry, for I love to be in the water so much.

LULU.

Melbourne Ridge.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of the 'Northern Messenger' ever since I have been able to read. I am eleven years of age. We take the 'Weekly Witness,' also. The first thing I read is the Boys' Page, and the Children's Corner. We have nine cows, two horses, and some pigs and calves. We have been busy planting our seeds and clearing up some new land, which my father sowed with oats. We have a sugar bush, and made about five hundred pounds this spring. We found some snow, so we had a sugaring off on May 8.

WILLIE.

Port Perry, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw your letters in the 'Messenger,' as we take it in our school. And my teacher asked some of us to write. So I thought I would. I live in a little village not many miles from Whitby. My father is a lawyer, and practices in Toronto; but we live in Port Perry, and he comes home every Friday night. We have lots of pets. Two cats and two kittens, and two little black cocker spaniel pups, Juba and Tiny. They play with the kittens, but never hurt them. We also have a parrot—mother teaches him to talk and he says, 'Scratch Billy's head,' 'Step on my finger,' and all sorts of things. I will close now, for I don't want to make my letter uninteresting.

HELEN.
Age thirteen.

South Haven, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have not taken the 'Northern Messenger' quite a year yet, but like it very much. I think I like the page you call the Correspondence the best, the children's letters interest me very much. I am ten years old. I have three brothers and one sister. We have a yellow cat, two horses and a cow. I live on a peach farm. We live on Lake Michigan. In the summer I love to bathe in the lake, and to walk along on the beach, and pick up pretty stones. We can see the steamers as they come to South Haven from Chicago, or as they go to Chicago. I do not know much about missionaries, as we cannot go up to town just when something happens. I would like very much to go to Junior Endeavor every Sunday afternoon, if I could; but by the time we get home from church it is eight o'clock, so we do not have time to go.

FLORENCE F.

Rockfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was ten years old on April 28. I have no pets except an old black cat.

I have taken the 'Messenger,' four months, and I like it very much. There are four in our settlement who take it. Yours truly,

ELLIS.

Brookvale.

Dear Editor, — My sisters and brothers have been subscribers of the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and this year it is my own paper, and better than ever before. I am ten years old. My home is on a farm twenty miles from the railway, but we expect to get one through our beautiful valley very soon. I like the letters in the 'Messenger' very much, but have never seen one from Halifax County, though I know lots of little boys and girls here who take it. We have Sunday-school, Band of Hope and the big folks have Division in our section, but no Mission Band, nearer than three miles.

Seddie.

Navan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I am a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like especially the Correspondence Page. I have four sisters and four brothers. We all go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and my father is superintendent. I remain yours truly,

ETHEL.

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters. I am a member of the Band of Hope, and of the Band of Mercy, and I get the 'Messenger' there every Saturday. It's a very nice paper. We had a good old dog, named June, but he is dead. I have a cat, and her name is Mrs. Cat. I have an uncle who is a missionary in Japan, the Rev. Hebor James Hamilton. I go to school and am in the part second book, and am going to try for the second book. Yours truly,

ISOBEL.
Age eight.

Granville Ferry.

Dear Editor,—I joined the Band of Hope when seven years old, and this winter joined the Division. So you see I am a cold water boy. Wish every man and boy could say the same. My home is on the Annapolis River, opposite the old town of Annapolis. I have a boat, and during the summer my brother and I sail and row. About three-quarters of a mile from here, on my grandfather's farm, the French had their chapel and a few houses. The bell of the chapel was found by my great-grandfather, who gave it to the French. They still use it in a fine new chapel, near Weymouth, N.S.

HAROLD.

Wheatley, Essex Co., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My pa says he has taken the 'Witness' for over thirty years. I like to read the letters from the children so much. Before I was big enough to read very well I used to get my grandma to read them to me. I was in such a hurry to hear what they said, that I could not wait long enough to read them all myself. I live way up here in the western part of Ontario, about four miles from the shores of Lake Erie, and eight miles from the beautiful town of Leamington. This is a fine part of the country. A great many peaches and fruits of all kinds are grown. Last summer I went to Detroit, a ride of about two hours in the cars. I went across by boat from there to Belle Isle. It is a lovely place. I wonder, Mr. Editor, if you have any place as beautiful at Montreal. I am like the other little children in having some pets, too. I have two little lambs, and a dear little kitten, named Spotty, and a little bird which sings beautifully. I call it Nellie, and I have two hens, all my own; and I have the eggs they lay. I sell them myself, and am saving up my money. Don't you think it would be nice to give some of my money to the missionaries who go away to teach the poor heathen about the bible?

Most everybody calls me little chatterbox, but my real name is

ROSY.
Aged eight.

Summerville, N.S.

Dear Editor, — I will tell you about a log drivers' camp I visited this spring. My papa and Uncle Frank had a contract for a drive of logs. This drive went down the Salmon River, to a steam mill below us. My brother and I used to visit the tent and help the cook. As we were the boss's boys we got many a treat of doughnuts and baked beans. The beans were very nice because they were cooked in a bean-hole. The one-dollar bill made in Canada last July has a picture of log-drivers on it, which looks very natural.

GORDON.

Beach Meadows.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. My mother takes the 'Messenger.' I am very much interested in the Correspondence. We live by the seaside, and we have a lovely beach. In the summer we have lots of visitors, and strangers, who say they enjoy it. I go to school. We have about half a mile to go. I am in the fourth grade. I have been sick this winter with whooping-cough. My three brothers and I have had the measles. My papa and eldest brother are over at Boston. I have two pets, I will tell you about them. A cat, her name is Mollie, and a calf, Lillie. I will now close my letter. Your little reader,

HATTIE.

Fletcher Lake.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eleven years old. I came from England to Canada about three years ago. I cannot remember any of my old friends. I am now living at Fletcher Lake, McClintock Township. There are three in the family, and I make four. Viola is thinking of sending you a letter. We have to cross the water to go to school which we all of us like very much. We go fishing whenever we can, and all we catch is trout. Hoping you think my letter worth printing, I close,

JOSEPH.

Urbania, Hants Co.

Dear Editor,—I was reading the letters in the 'Northern Messenger' to mother, and she thought I had better write one too.

We have taken the 'Messenger' for over twenty years, ever since my eldest sister was three years old. My home is in Nova Scotia, near the Shubenacadie River, in which the fishermen are now catching gaspereaux.

We could not get along without the 'Messenger,' and my mother says that it is the best paper that comes into the house.

In one of the last 'Messengers' Willie H. said his favorite song was 'It's nice to be young.' He said if any boy or girl would like to have the words, he would send them to them, and I would be pleased to have them. Your fourteen year old friend,

DAISY.

Summerville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and grandpa takes the 'Witness.' I like my paper very much. I am living in a country place. Now I am helping papa farm. My brother and I have a white calf.

PEARL.

True Knights.

(Helen A. Hawley in 'New York Observer.')

Louis and Barton were quite young, but they had been to 'the other side,' and knew about castles. Now they were at home on this side. A new piazza was going up. It was heaps of fun to play about it, though the masons and carpenters didn't like it much. The wall was laid, the stone steps were in place, and two loose boards to cross to the front door.

'Let's play that's the donjon keep,' Louis pointed to the circular extension. Down here where there's no floor, is the moat, and these boards are the drawbridge.'

Barton caught the idea quickly.

'I'm going to defend the castle,' said Louis, planting himself in the doorway. 'You charge across the bridge. If I capture you, I'll put you in the dungeon under the keep.'

'All right! I'm coming!' and Barton made a rush.

Louis didn't mean to hurt him, but he made believe the drawbridge was real, and tilted the board. Down went Barton, bumping and scratching in the rubbish. He was pretty mad, and jumped up ready to fight. There were high words, and clinched fists, when papa appeared.

'Playing at knights?' he said. 'True knights play fair, and say they're sorry when they're in the wrong. Who is going to say "sorry" now?'

'I, papa,' said Louis, "cause I tilted the board.'

'I, papa,' said Barton, "cause I got mad.'

'That's right! Now shake hands like gentlemen'—and they did.

The Little Girl On the Stairs.

What is the matter with this little girl? She does not look happy, and is sitting on the stairs in the corner. I will tell you all about it.

One day her brother Bennie was sent on an errand a long way off, and Fanny wanted to go with him. But Bennie was a big strong boy, and Fanny was only a very little girl, and could not walk very far.

Mamma said she could not let her little girl go for the road was rough, and she would soon get tired. And so Fanny got very cross, and woud not eat her dinner.

And now you see her picture. I do not like to show you pictures of naughty children, but this is quite true. Perhaps you know a little girl who looks like Fanny sometimes. If you do, show her this little girl on the stairs.

Ask mamma to teach you these pretty verses, and say them over every day:

I am God's little child,
He made me for his own;
I must be good and mild,
And worship him alone.

O Jesus, who hast smiled
On little ones like me,
Look kindly on a child
Who wants to come to thee.

—'Our Little Dots.'

FANNY'S PORTRAIT.

The Children of the Bible.

(By the Author of 'Out of the Way.')

The Kings of Israel and the Kings of Syria were very often at war with each other. Sometimes the Syrian armies came into the land of Israel, and carried away the people who lived in the towns and villages, and made slaves of them. The Bible tells us a story of one of these slaves, a little girl, who had been brought away from her home and everything that she loved into the land of Syria.

She was happier than many of her fellow-captives, for she had a good master and mistress. Her master was a soldier, the chief captain of all the Syrian armies. His name was Naaman. He was very rich and powerful, and the King honored him, because he was very brave and had won great victories. But Naaman had one dreadful trouble, which made his life always unhappy. He suffered from a painful disease called leprosy, which no medicine could cure.

Now the little maid from the land of Israel knew that the God in whom she believed had power to heal the worst diseases, and she felt sorry that Naaman, who was so kind to all his servants, should be suffering so much, and have no one to tell him of the way to be made well. Naaman was a heathen, and

the false gods to whom he prayed could do him no good; but if he could only hear of the true God, and believe in him, the little maid felt sure that his leprosy might be cured.

The prophet Elisha was then living in Samaria, and the little girl thought that if her master could be persuaded to go to him he might be restored to health. She did not think that it would be of much use for her to speak to him about God's power. She was only a little waiting-maid, and it was not her place to teach her master; but she thought she might tell her mistress about the great prophet, and then perhaps Naaman might think it worth while to go to Samaria, and ask for Elisha's advice.

So one day, when she was with Naaman's wife, she said, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy.' And some one who heard what she said went to Naaman and told him of it, and before long the little girl's words were repeated to the King. Then the King, who was very anxious that Naaman should be made well, desired him to take a present with him, and go to Samaria to the King of Israel, and see what could be done to cure his leprosy.

Do you not think the little maid must have felt very pleased when she saw her master driving away with his train of servants, and knew that he was really going into the land of Israel? She must have waited very anxiously for his return. But after several days he came home again, and the news soon spread through the house that he had seen the great prophet, and that the God of Israel had healed him of his leprosy.

The Bible tells us no more about the little maid, but I think we may feel sure that both Naaman and his wife would be very grateful to her for her kind words, and that as long as she lived with them they would do all they could to make her happy.—'Sunday Reading.'

How Many Times.

'Come straight home from school, Albert,' said mamma, and Albert promised. But he forgot, and went off to play with the boys, coming back very late. His mother talked seriously to him about disobeying, and Albert promised a second time to do better. The next morning mamma said again, 'Come straight home,' and Albert obeyed. So he did for several days. Then came an afternoon when he went off with Fred Smith and was very late in coming home.

'You didn't tell me this morning,' Albert said excusingly, when his mamma reproved him.

'How many times must I repeat a rule after I have made it?' mamma asked. 'You do not find the arithmetic rule on every page; once writing is enough, the book-maker thinks. When I make a rule I make it for all the days, and you have disobeyed me just as much to-day as if I had told you this morning to come straight home. You must remember that the rule stands, and you must keep it without expecting me to say it over and over. You can repeat it yourself, when you are tempted to break it.'

This is something that others beside Albert need to remember. It is not fair and it is not right to expect to be told each time what to do, or to have rules repeated every day. Short memories will stay short, if they are never stretched. They must be stretched by using them.—'Churchman.'

A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
'I can't—I promised mother.'

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not a moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

'Go where you please, do what you will,'
He calmly told the other;
'But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't—I promised mother.'

Oh! who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggles, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

—'Christian Observer.'

Would You Dare Tell God That?

Mary is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks, while he speaks first and thinks afterwards, and very often he is sorry for, or ashamed of, what he has said when too late.

One day he came home very angry with a school-mate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Mary about it, and the more he thought and talked of it, the angrier he grew, and he began to say terrible, harsh, bitter and unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said Mary knew were not true, but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said gently:

'Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?'

Ralph paused as if someone had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how wickedly and untruthfully he had spoken.

'No, I wouldn't tell God that,' he said, with a very red face.

'Then I wouldn't tell it to anybody,' said Mary.

'Oh, that's all right for you to say,' said Ralph, 'but if you had such a temper as I've got——'

'I'd try to get control of it,' said his sister, gently. 'When it's likely to get the upper hand of you, just stop long enough to think, "Would I dare tell God that?" and it won't be long before you'll break yourself of saying such terrible things.'—'Children's Paper.'

A Word.

One day a harsh word rashly said
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old are friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

—'Forward.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XIV.—WATER IN FRUITS.

1. If you were very thirsty, would you go into a saloon to get a glass of water?

I would not, for they do not like to give water only.

2. Have you any other reason for not going into a drink house?

I would not like to be seen going into any kind of a drink house.

3. Is not the drink house a good place to get a drink?

Not for me. I could not trust it.

4. What is the best drink you can take when you are out on a pleasure trip?

Some kind of ripe, juicy fruit.

5. Why would you take fruit?

It is safe, wholesome, easy to buy, and carry, and I like it.

6. What refreshment can you offer to friends that call on you?

Nothing is better than fruits or fruit juices.

7. What is the common drink on the dinner-table in America?

Water, pure water.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

LESSON XIV.—ALCOHOL AND THE LUNGS.

1. What have you learned about the lungs?

That they are very important bodies, whose use is to purify the blood when it returns from its journey over the body.

2. By what is the blood purified?

By the fresh, pure air which is breathed into the lungs.

3. How does the air reach the lungs?

It enters through the nostrils or the mouth and passes down the wind-pipe, which, after a little, divides into two parts, one for each lung, and these divide again and again in the lungs like the twigs of a tree, and so carry the air into the farthest parts of the lungs.

4. Where do the little twigs of tubes finally end?

In very small cavities called vesicles, which have very thin walls, behind which are the network of tiny capillaries into which flows from the heart the blood that needs to be purified.

5. What is there in the air that purifies the blood?

About one-fifth of the air is oxygen, an invisible gas, which is able to pass through the thin walls between the vesicles and the capillaries, and is then taken up by the little red discs of the blood, to be carried all over the body.

6. And what becomes of it in its passage through the body?

It comes to places where it is needed, and then leaves the red discs to unite with those parts.

7. What happens then?

It really burns up the impure, worn out substances with which it unites, and in the burning another gas is made called carbonic acid gas, which is taken up by the blood, brought back to the heart, and then to the lungs, to be poured out from the body.

8. And how is it poured out?

Through the thin walls of the capillaries and vesicles, into the tubes of the lungs, and so out through the mouth or nose.

9. Then, in every breath, what two things occur?

Every time we breathe in, or inhale, we take into the blood the purifying oxygen; every time we breathe out, or exhale, we throw out the impure carbonic acid gas brought from all over the body.

10. Is this a very important process?

Yes, indeed. It is this that keeps the body strong and healthy, all the time freeing it from poison and giving it life.

11. Should we be careful, then, to keep the lungs sound and healthy?

Certainly we should. We should be careful to live in pure air, to breathe deeply into all parts of the lungs, and to avoid anything that will injure the lungs.

12. What effect does alcohol have on the lungs?

Alcohol produces, as we have learned, a thickening of the blood and a weakening of the blood-vessels, and this does very great harm to the lungs.

13. How does it harm them?

The repeated stretching of the little capillaries makes them weak and easily affected by cold; and for this reason drinking people are very likely to have pleurisy, pneumonia, and other lung diseases.

14. What other harm does it do.

It thickens the walls of the vesicles, and so fills them up, and lessens their breathing capacity. Then, of course, the blood can no longer be properly purified.

15. What other harm is done?

The lungs are forced to unnatural labor to get rid of the poison that hurts every organ of the body; and this exhausts them, and makes them more likely to become diseased.

16. Do facts prove that drinking people are particularly subject to lung diseases?

Yes. Inflammation of the lungs, and one form of consumption, besides pneumonia, are very common among them.

Hints to Teachers.

As in former lessons, a chart will be very helpful for illustration. Explain all the difficult words, and go carefully over the whole process of respiration and its necessity to life. The children will clearly see the need of keeping the lung tissue in a healthy state, and of avoiding anything which thickens or weakens the tissue and lessens the breathing capacity.

The Plebiscite.

At the mass meeting which inaugurated the prohibition plebiscite campaign in the Province of Quebec, a number of short, enthusiastic addresses were given. The chairman in his opening remarks, said that they were met to claim great things for this Canada of ours. Last year we plumed ourselves a good deal on giving a policy to the British Empire; but this year they sought not only to give a policy to the British Empire; but to the Anglo-Saxon race, and more, to the whole of Christendom.

Temperance people of England told the speaker when he met them from time to time, 'We're looking to Canada.' They were in the van of this fight; they were seeking to-day a more thorough prohibitory law than prevailed anywhere; they had a great enterprise on their hands, and they must not belittle it. Defeat, said Mr. Dougall, would be no disgrace, if they made a good fight; it would be a disgrace if they did not make a good fight. He hoped and believed that they had in the Province of Quebec a sufficient force of true men to carry through the campaign.

THE VOICE OF THE W. C. T. U.

Mrs. J. G. Sanderson, of Danville, provincial president of the W. C. T. U., said the fight they were in was not a new one. In England the battle against the traffic had been going on for over three hundred years. It was time that a decisive and final battle should be fought. For as many years the governments had been trying in all kinds of ways to regulate the traffic and diminish its great evils; but they had failed to do so. A test of three hundred years had been given to the traffic, and now a test should be given to the reign of prohibition, not a reign of one or two years, but a reign of at least a hundred years. At the end of this time the result would be such that there would not be the slightest danger of the traffic being taken up again. Sooner or later the cause of temperance would be sure to triumph, and even if it chanced that the present battle should be lost, it would only mean a delaying of victory a little while. Those who were actually engaged in the campaign could count upon the warm support of the W. C. T. U.

MAJOR BOND'S STIRRING WORDS.

Major Bond, who is at the head of the campaign in this province, gave a brief and comprehensive address. He said that they should enter into the fight with the firm idea that they were going to win it. 'I would not give twopence for any body of men who would go into a fight scared out of their wits.' Had Dewey, the hero of the Philippines, been a man of doubt and fear, he would not have achieved his brilliant victory over the Spanish fleet. At the same time he had not acted with undue rashness; he had ascertained the strength of the enemy he would have to meet and had then gone bravely in and won. If the plebiscite was to be carried, it would have to be with confidence and bravery. Our strength is being spoken lightly of, and we are being told that we have not the slightest grounds for hoping we shall win the fight; but I feel assured that there are many big surprises in store for our opponents. In closing I would strongly urge that in the campaign no hard words should be used against those whom we are fighting; by using hard words only strife and bitterness can be aroused.'

'CANADA FIRST.'

The Rev. Dr. Ker recalled that some years ago, when he was at college, there was a political party in the Dominion which had for its motto, 'Canada first.' He did not know what had become of that party, but he thought that it would be a great honor to have future historians of Canada write that Canada was the first nation to free herself from the shackles of the liquor traffic. Dr. Ker observed that nothing was going to be left undone by the liquor interest to defeat the vote. They would hear the same old arguments about the inviolability of personal liberty, the sacredness of individual rights, the terrible things that would happen in the way of illicit liquor selling, vested interests, etc. All the arguments they had heard ad nauseam before they would hear ad nauseam again. The only reply that could be made was, that, temperance people, after weighing these arguments dispassionately, felt it to be their duty alike to God, to their neighbor and to themselves to put forth every effort to secure prohibition.

A JUST CAUSE.

The Rev. Prof. Warriner said any government should fall that would try any longer to shelve this burning question. It could not but inspire confidence to know that the great influence of the churches was to be given to those who were trying so hard to advance the cause of temperance. It was the voter, alone, who was responsible for the continuance of the traffic. The moment he decided not to vote for any candidate who had not strong temperance feelings the death of the liquor party would come. In the present campaign there should be united effort. The cause was a just one and good could not but result from the campaign.

Bishop Bond wrote, regretting his inability to attend the meeting, saying: 'My strong views in favor of prohibition, I suppose, are well known, and to my mind the reasons given in opposition thereto, are as nothing compared to the blessing that must ensue from true and real prohibition.

It seems to me that the bulk of the people are with us; if it be so, the difficulties, or most of them, even by some who oppose, no doubt with sincerity, will quickly disappear.

Praying that God will bless our efforts,

I am truly yours,

W. B., Montreal.

The Sign-Board.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it above your door;
A truer and better sign-board,
Than ever you had before.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
And I will paint a fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.

And below I will paint a drunkard;
I will paint him as he lies
In a beastly drunken slumber,
Under cold wintry skies.

Shall I paint this sign, rum-seller?
If so, many will pause to view!
'Twill be a wonderful sign-board,
But oh! so terribly, fearfully true.

—'Teacher's Institute.'

LESSON XI.—June, 12.

Jesus Crucified.

Matt. xxvii., 35-50. Memory verses, 35-37.

Golden Text.

'Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.' (I. Cor., xv., 3.)

Home Readings.

M. John xix., 1-22. — 'He bearing his cross went forth.'
T. Matt., xxvii., 35-50.—Jesus crucified.
W. Mark xv., 22-38.—'With him they crucify two thieves.'
T. Luke xxiii., 33-46. — 'Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them.'
F. John xix., 23-37.—'It is finished.'
S. Matt. xxvii., 51-66.—Jesus buried.
S. Isa. liii., 1-12.—'He was numbered with the transgressors.'

Lesson Story.

When the King of Life had been condemned to death by the cowardly governor of a petty Roman province, they led him forth to a little hill named Golgotha. There they erected his cross and set up over his head his rightful title—'This is Jesus, the King of the Jews.'

And they crucified him, and parted his garments among them, and the brutal Roman soldiers, careless of the greatest tragedy of the world's history, sat down to watch our Saviour die. On each side of his cross stood another cross bearing a dying thief. Then they that passed by wagged their heads and reviled him, saying, 'If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross.' Then the false-hearted, blasphemous priests, and the scribes and elders mocked our Saviour, saying, 'He saved others; himself he cannot save.' With many such jeering taunts mocked they him while he was giving his life for their salvation. The thieves which were crucified with our Redeemer cast upon him the same reproach. But one thief rebuked the other's jeers and prayed Jesus to remember him when Christ should come to his kingdom. With the utmost tenderness and love Jesus replied, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' In the midst of the utmost agony of mind and body the Son of Man had strength to love.

From the sixth to the ninth hour there was darkness over all the land, the sun gave no light, Nature could not bear to look upon her Creator in such dread agony. About the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice to his Father, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

Those standing near thought that he called for Elijah, but Jesus when he had cried again, said meekly, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' And he bowed his head and died—for you.

Lesson Hymn.

Drawn to the cross which thou hast blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
To find in thee my Life, my Rest,
Christ crucified, I come.

Stained with the sins which I have wrought
In word and deed and secret thought,
For pardon which thy blood hath bought,
Christ crucified, I come.

I would not, if I could, conceal
The ills which only Thou canst heal;
So to the Cross, where sinners kneel,
Christ crucified, I come.

Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ crucified, I come.

To share with Thee Thy Life Divine,
Thy righteousness, Thy Likeness mine,
Since Thou hast made my nature Thine,
Christ crucified, I come.

To be what Thou wouldst have me be,
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
Through what Thy grace shall work in me,
Christ crucified, I come.

—'Church Hymnal.'

Lesson Hints.

'They crucified him' — the torture and agony of this cruel death are past description. One nail through one hand would cause awful pain, but two hands pierced by the cruel nails had to support nearly the whole weight of the body. The Son of Man had all the sensibilities belonging to man. He had even a greater capacity for suffering than any other man, his sacrifice was real.

'Parted his garments'—(Psa. xxii., 18), the garments of the condemned prisoners became the duty of the coarse Roman soldiers. Dr. Pentecost says: 'Men now sit under the shadow of the Cross, unheeding its blessed meaning, and divide his garments among themselves. They care nothing for Jesus, but avail themselves of the Christian Church, Sabbath, educational institutions, charities and all the best of Christian civilization.'

'My vesture'—the seamless robe, too valuable to be divided, typifies the righteousness of Christ, in which robe he will present us to his Father.

'King of the Jews'—Pilate wrote this title and would not change it, (John xix., 19-22), showing that he was at least partially convinced of Christ's deity.

'Two thieves'—'he was numbered with the transgressors,' (Isa. liii., 12.).

'Thou that destroyest'—(John ii., 19-22.)

'If thou be'—the same insinuation of doubt as the tempter first used to him, (Matt. iv., 3.)

'We will believe'—if they did not believe any of his other miracles they would not have believed had he come down from the cross.

'He saved others; himself he cannot save.' — they spoke much more truly than they thought. He saved others, but if he had saved himself from that death upon the cross he could not have saved others from eternal death. We can not keep what we give. If we would save others we can not save our own time and strength.'

'The thieves also'—(Luke xxiii., 39-43.)

'The sixth hour'—midday, with its fierce sun, was suddenly changed to the blackness of night, and the darkness remained three hours.

'Jesus cried with a loud voice'—and was heard. (Heb. v., 7-9).

'My God'—he trusted even in the hour of greatest agony.

'Forsaken me'—God could not bear to look on sin, Jesus, the Lamb of God was bearing the sin of the whole world, therefore God turned away his face from him. We can never understand or appreciate the sufferings of Christ, beside the fiery pain of his body, his mental agony was increased by the jeers of those whom he longed to save and for whose forgiveness he prayed. His soul was oppressed and bowed down with the awful load of sin he had taken upon himself for us. Yet he bore it all without a murmur, he had counted the cost of man's salvation before he left his throne in heaven, and he never faltered till the price was paid.

Primary Lesson.

'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!' Jesus!

We may not know, we can not tell,
What pain he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered there.

There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate,
Of heaven and let us in.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

Suggested Hymns.

'There is a Fountain,' 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' 'Oh, sacred head now wounded,' 'There is a green hill far away,' 'In the Cross of Christ I glory,' 'I shall know him,' 'Just as I am,' 'Rock of Ages.'

Practical Points.

June 12.—Matt. xxvii., 35-50.

A. H. CAMERON.

The murderers of Jesus valued his clothing more than his person, and they watched him with the eye of scorn. Verses 35, 36: Matt., vi., 25.

His accusers derided Jesus when they called him the King of the Jews. In the best sense of the term he is King of kings. Verse 37.

Jesus spent much of his life in answering questions, but on the cross he has a greater work to do. Verses 38-44.

There is a darkness that can be felt, and such enshrouded the spirit of Christ, when his Father hid his face from him. Verses 45, 46.

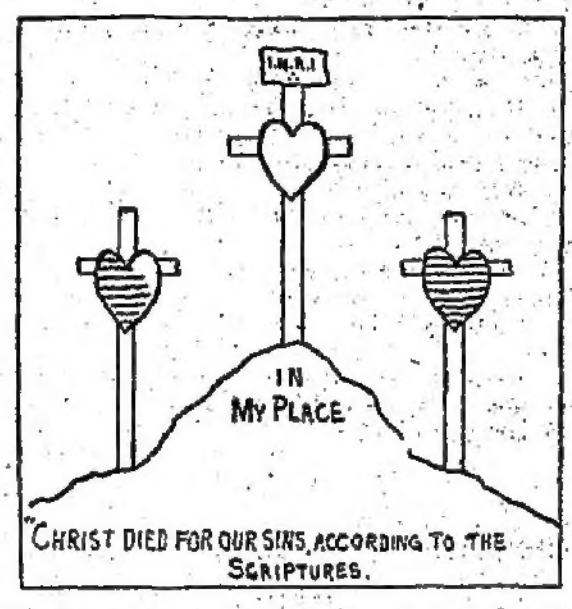
We cannot understand the language of Christ unless we live unto him. Verses 47-49.

Man is immortal till his work is done. As soon as Christ finished the work of atonement his spirit returned to God who gave it. Verse 50.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Too great for any but the plainest symbols and the most reverent words. We stand in a holy place, the centre of all worlds and all ages.

Our illustration shows the centre cross with the pure heart, representing Christ, for here the cross becomes an outward reality and the stainless life is nailed upon it. On the right side of the cross, as we face it, is



the black heart of him who had no words but revilings for Jesus. On the left a heart with still some place for better things, representing, him who at the last turned to Christ, and was so wonderfully rewarded.

The letters over the cross of Christ are the first letters of the Roman words meaning 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.'

'In my place,' is at once the sorrow and the joy of the heart that has received the knowledge of him.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 12. — Christian courage: examples from books or life.—Mark x., 32-34; Acts xxi., 10-14.

Away From the Class.

The life and deportment of the teacher away from his class has much to do with his influence with his class, so much so that the teacher must be careful of his associations. If a boy or girl can say my Sunday school teacher visits the saloons, spends time in the pool rooms, attends dance and card parties, or indulges in vulgar conversation, telling smutty stories in private or public places, surely the influence of such a teacher cannot in any sense be good, and I trust that there are not many of that kind.

For pastors or teachers to indulge in vulgar stories is to lower the dignity of the Christian religion and degrade themselves in the estimation of those who listen. A lady visiting in our home said she was very much ashamed of her pastor at a banquet the other night. When called upon to respond to a toast he arose and told an exceeding funny story that she said was too vulgar for her to repeat in our presence. She said that while the people laughed and roared and patted their hands and stamped their feet, still she feared that it would hurt his influence. Teachers must be clean in associations and conversation if they exert anything like the Christ-like influence over the members of their class.

While the teacher can't spend much time with his class, yet they should never be entirely out of his mind, more than the minister's congregation should be absent from his thoughts. The mind is a busy workshop, and while there are many pulleys and wheels and belts and work tables, and much of complicated machinery to be attended to, he should ever keep his class around one of those work tables in that wonderful workshop, the mind, then he can hope to mould them for lives of usefulness.—J. H. Thomas.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Unexpected.

That it is the unexpected that happens, has, in this country at any rate, its most frequent illustration in the coming in of guests for whom we are not looking. And this occasionally happens on those days when the careful housekeeper is most disposed to compare herself to Old Mother Hubbard. If the cupboard is not exactly bare, there is nothing in it perhaps by the way of meat except the cold ham, calculated to last the family one day longer, and the remains of yesterday's roast beef. It is now too late to boil a ham for the mid-day dinner, so what is left on the bone must be thinly sliced and garnished with parsley to make it as presentable as possible. How to deal with that relic of yesterday's roast is a more serious matter.

What could be warmed up in its present scrimp and mutilated form for a family dinner will not do to set before that family when increased by several outsiders. There isn't a butcher's shop within fifteen miles, for we are writing of those remote regions where families are supplied with butcher's meat by neighborhood beef and mutton clubs, and as the morning is too far advanced for boiling a ham, it is also too late for running down and killing chickens. There will be plenty of vegetables, but as vegetarians dwell not in these unfashionable localities, no housekeeper, however much love there may exist between herself and her visitors, would be content to set them down to the modern equivalent for a dinner of herbs.

Then what must be done with that cold beef?, If there is any curry powder in the house, she will not be long in coming to a decision. Curried beef may not be equal, or even second, to a fresh roast, but to most tastes it is far preferable to the cold or simply warmed over article.

Curried Beef.—Cut up a few slices of lean, cold roast beef in pieces about one inch square; put three ounces of butter into a stewpan, with two onions, sliced; and fry to a light brown color. Add the beef, a dessertspoonful of curry powder, and a little water; stir gently over a brisk fire for ten minutes. Should this be too dry, a spoonful or two of gravy or water may be added. Place on a deep dish with an edging of dry boiled rice.

In cases where there is no curry powder to be had, the housekeeper, taken unawares, might avail herself of a recipe which has the advantage of making the meat go farther.

Beef Fritters.—Mix carefully, and by degrees, three-quarters of a pound of flour with half a pint of water; stir in two ounces of butter; which must be melted, but not oiled; and just before it is to be used, the well whisked whites of two eggs. Should the batter be too thick, add more water. Pare down the cold beef into thin shreds; season with pepper and salt and mix it with the batter. Drop a small quantity at a time into a pan of boiling lard, and fry from seven to ten minutes, according to the size. When brown on one side, turn and brown them on the other. A small quantity of finely minced onions, mixed with the batter, is an improvement.—'Christian Work.'

The Household Store Closet.

The fashion of the storeroom is one of those good old customs in danger of becoming obsolete. The less provident, but less laborious methods of French housekeepers are fast superseding the bountiful but toilsome and extravagant ways of the Anglo-Saxon. The grocery store has become the storehouse of a great many families in the city, who are so limited in quarters that it would be impossible for them to maintain any large quantity of stores. The vast majority of the people in the great cities buy their potatoes by the peck, and even by the small measure, or two quarts. It is only a householder who can provide a suitable and sufficient storage for a barrel of potatoes and one of apples. Other vegetables and fruit are usually purchased from day to day, as they are needed. Though a much higher price is paid when perishable vegetables and fruits are thus purchased in a small quantity, it should be remembered that there is no waste from rot or mold. The old proverb, 'Great abundance makes great waste,' is certainly often verified where servants control the storeroom for food.

On the other hand, the saving by purchasing food by the quantity, where there is a proper place to keep it, is very large. It is often over fifty percent of the cost at retail, while the loss from decay or other cause may with care be reduced to a minimum. Every one knows that a properly stored barrel of potatoes will yield very little loss, sometimes none at all.

Dry groceries are usually almost as expensive by quantity as by the small package, but there is comparatively no danger from loss in storing them, if ordinary precautions are exercised. Flour stored in a dry cool place will keep for several years. The same is now true of most grains. The wheat weevil is a pest that occasionally invades the dry grains of the store closet, but he can be readily got rid of if he has not been settled long. Indian meal, hominy and all preparations of Indian corn are liable to become infested with worms, and cannot be stored for any length of time. Even kiln-dried meal finally becomes infested. Sugar costs about the same by barrel as by the pound, and it does not usually pay to store it. Nor does it pay to purchase a large quantity of molasses, unless one lives at a distance from any depot of grocery supplies.

The utility of a storeroom depends largely in these days upon the locality where we live. If one's residence is remote from the town, and there is ample and suitable room for the stores, it pays to buy a great many things by the quantity for the sake of convenience, and to avoid the cost of transportation. If, on the contrary, one lives near the ubiquitous grocery store, there are a great many things which were always found in the old-time storeroom that it is cheaper and quite as convenient to buy by the small quantity. Olive oil, dried fruits, and even canned and preserved fruits are better purchased as they are wanted. Fortunately few country housekeepers are so extravagant and wasteful as to purchase canned or preserved fruits, when they can prepare them at home at so much lower cost. —'Good Housekeeping.'

Bread Omelet. — Soak one cup of bread crumbs in one cup of milk, mix with it three eggs well beaten. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and when hot pour in the omelet; loosen the edges and at bottom as it cooks; when done, turn over, and serve on hot plates.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEDS

The publishers have again completed arrangements with one of the oldest and best seed houses in the Dominion to supply the 'Witness' collection of seeds for 1898 which were so popular last year with 'Messenger' subscribers. The seeds have been carefully selected as most suitable for all parts of the Dominion. No packages can be exchanged from one collection to another.

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The Farm Garden Collection.

To secure this collection of seeds free, send list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each.

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Beans, Mammath Wax or Butter	.05
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Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, Impd. long green	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10
Corn, sweet, evergreen	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected yellow Danvers	.05
Onion, Silverskin, pickling	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, Tripled Curled	.05
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Radish, half long, Scarlet	.05
Pepper, long Red	.05
Spinach, long standing	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
Sage	.05
Summer Savory	.05
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Five subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each secures this collection free.

	cents.
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Beet, extra early intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Carrot, half long, Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05
Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

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Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenegr' at thirty cents each, and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors	.15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed	.10
Zinnia, mammoth double, all colors	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	.05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering, ten weeks	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.25

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